

DELL
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ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

KING

of the Royal Mounted





THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

The buffalo's horizon-filling herds have vanished. Man has taken over their prairies and forests. The timber wolf, the cougar and the grizzly bear are vanishing, for the same reason. Fox and coyote, black bear and lynx, still hold their own — by changing their ways to suit with Man's invasion of their hunting grounds. Mountain sheep, deer and elk, and the lonely moose live under the protection of Man-made laws.

But the Rocky Mountain Goat looks down on Man from a high homeland that nothing has changed. He is so perfectly fitted to life on the cold, bare mountain crags that there is no reason for him to come down from them.

Actually the Rocky Mountain Goat is not a goat in the true sense. He is related to the antelope-like **CHAMANS** of the Alps Mountains in Europe. His build suggests a small Bison or American Buffalo. His short back slopes sharply up from his low, powerful headquarters to a shoulder hump of fat, gristle and muscle. Like the buffalo, he carries his head low, with his short, sharp horns ready for an upward dagger thrust. These horns have killed even the grizzly bear.

The full grown male Goat weighs about three hundred pounds. His coat is a five inch thick, wind- and waterproof wool. He often sleeps out by choice in a hollow-wind ward. His little black hoofs are shaped like suction cups, with sharp edges that grip either rocks or hard snow crust. He can out-climb anything in the mountains.

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KING

of the Royal Mounted

IN SURVIVAL

JUST RETURNED TO DETACHMENT HEADQUARTERS FROM PATROL, SERGEANT KING IS CALLED INTO THE OFFICE OF THE INSPECTOR.

KING, THIS IS TOM BURNS, A TRAPPER WITH A STORY I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU BRIEFLY...

BURNS IS A WISCONSIN, WHOSE ALAP-INDIAN SON IS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD. HE WANTS TO BRING THE BOY OUT OF THE BUSH AND EDUCATE HIM, BUT THE INDIAN RELATIVES OBJECT. WOULD YOU?

THEY'RE HOLDING MY BOY A PRISONER? THEY TRIED TO HOLD ME!

YOU WILL RETURN WITH BURNS, SERGEANT? INVESTIGATE THOROUGHLY? IF YOU CONFIRM THE BOY IS ILLEGALLY DETAINED, I ESCORT HIM HERE! THAT IS ALL, KING!

VERY WELL, INSPECTOR!

HEADING NORTH, THAT SAME DAY ---

YOUR BOY, MICHAEL, ASKS HE WANT TO COME OUT OF THE BUSH, BURNS?

YES, SERGEANT! HIS MOTHER WANTED IT, TOO! WE'VE SAVED MONEY FOR HIS SCHOOLING!

THEN, WHY DO THE INDIANS OBJECT?

THEY HAVE A SECRET, SERGEANT! YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GET THERE! I'VE KEPT IT UNTIL NOW, BUT THEY ARE AFRAID --- IF WE LEAVE FOR GOOD WE'LL TELL...



ON THE THIRD DAY OUT, BURNS CALLED BARGE.

"THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO BY
WATER, BARGEANT! THERE'S A WATERFALL,
JUST ABOVE!"



LEAVING ALL SUPPLIES IN A CACHE, THEY GO ON THE NEXT
MORNING.

"HOW FAR TO YOUR
HOME NOW, BARGE?"

"A DAY ON SNOWSHOES ---
WHEN OR HOW WE LL LEAVE
THERE'S ANOTHER
QUESTION!"



AND, AS THE BRISK NORTHERN DAY WARMED ---

"THERE IT IS, KING
--- THE SECRET OF
THE AMBUSHMENT!"

"BARGE! ...IN
OCTOBER! IT MUST BE
A MISTAKE!"







FRESH CORN-ON-THE-COB, AND
SQUASH---IN AUTUMN? I STILL
CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

EAT HEARTY,
SERGEANT! IT
MIGHT BE OUR LAST
SQUARE MEAL!

THE CHIEF STRUCK ME AS
AN INTELLIGENT MAN, BURNS
---AND WOULD HAVE A
SOPHISTICATED TASTE
---EVEN IF WE
COULD WORK IT!

I'M BETTING
MY LIFE AND MY
BOY'S FUTURE
THAT YOU'RE
RIGHT! BUT IT'S
NO CERTAINTY!



MICHAEL, HOW MUCH
DO YOU WANT TO GO
"OUTSIDE" TO SCHOOL?

VERY MUCH, SERGEANT!
I DON'T WANT TO LIVE
ALWAYS LIKE "INSH"
INWARD.



THAT SETTLES IT, BURNS!
WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW!

IF THEY'LL LET US! THEY
ARE HOLDING COUNCIL NOW.
WELL---LET'S TURN IN...



THE NEXT MORNING...

HERE THEY COME, SERGEANT! AND
I RECKON THEY'VE DECIDED AGAINST
US! I'M HOPEING YOU CAN CHANGE
THEIR MINDS!



BLUNT-HEADED ARROWS STUN KING AND TOM



PUSH, MICHAEL, I'M NOT HURT - JUST KNOCKED OUT FOR A MINUTE!

DAD! DAD! I'M SCARED FOR YOU!

GET UP, WHITE MAN!



FOLLOW THEM!
GO!



YOU BOY--- GO IN CABIN--- AND STAY!

NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE MY FATHER!



TWO MILES AWAY, WHERE A WILD RIVER RAN, BENCHES





THEIR HANDS ARE STILL TIED! THE CHIEF IS GOING TO CROWN DAD AND KING!



THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT! IF I FOLLOW, MAYBE I CAN SAVE THEM!



YOUR HANDS ARE FREE, RED COAT --- BUT MY KNIFE IS AT YOUR BACK! WHEN I SAY, YOU WILL JUMP OUT!

I WILL RETURN AND MAKE YOU MY PRISONER, CHIEF!



THE ROARING RAPIDS! THEY'LL BE OUR FINISH, KING --- AND LEAVE NO TRACE OF MURDER!



RED --- JUMP, WHITE MEN!

WE'VE NO CHOICE, BURNER---



COME ON---



SPINNING INTO THE TROUGH, THE CARGO OVERTURNS!



I HAVE NOW, BUDDY!
HEAD FOR SHORE NOW!

CAN'T MAKE IT---
KING! GOT---
CRAMP!



LOOKING AHEAD, KING SPOTS A BUNCH OF DISCOVERY.

ALL AHEAD, JERRY! KEEP FIGHTING,
BUDDY--- LAND THERE!



YOU HELP DAO, JERRY!
NEVER MIND ME!

ALL RIGHT,
MICHAEL!



MOMENTS LATER THE THREE STRUGGLE FROM THE CURRENT'S GRIP!

SAFE NOW, BUDDY!

HELP, MICHAEL---
NOW!



GET INTO THE TREES---
OUT OF THE WHIRL---BEFORE
YOU FREEZE! I'LL MARK
A FINE!

A FIRST NOW
YOU HAVE
MATCHES---
THEY MUST BE
NEED!



GLANCING ABOUT, KING PICKS UP A SHARP-EDGED CHIP OF ROCK.

THE ANKARRINES EMPLOYED MY POCKETS--TOOK MY WATCH CASE, TOO! BUT THERE IS A WAY--THE OLD INDIAN WAY TO MAKE FIRE! THIS WILL DO FOR ABE AND KNUFE.



KING GIVES DIRECTIONS, AS HE PLIES A SHARP POINT ON HIS SLANDER "FIRE STICK".

GET SOME BITS OF DRY BARK AND SHAVE THEM UP FINE, FOR KINDER. MICHAEL, FIND SOME SMALL, VERY DRY TWIGS FOR KINDLING!

YES, KING!



WITHIN MINUTES, THE SHIVERING CAUSTWAYS SEE THE PROMISE OF WARMTH--AND LIFE!

SHE'S SMOKING, BURNS! GET THE KINDER READY!



KEEP MOVING--AND LET THE SHIRTS DRY FIRST!

KING, WE'LL OUTSMART THOSE ANKARRINES YET! THEY CAN'T LAND HERE!



BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE, WITHOUT A C-CANDLER! AND WE HAVE NO FOOD!



IF THERE ARE FISH IN THIS RIVER, WE'LL CATCH OUR FOOD--AND WE'LL BUILD A RAFT! MEANTIME, WE'LL WATCH OUT THAT THE ANKARRINES DON'T PUT US WITH RIFLES!





KING! THAT'S YOUR BELT
BUCKLE! WHITE HOT! WAR-?

WE NEED A FISH HOOK--
AND A KNIFE! HOT
METAL CAN BE SHAPED--
EVEN WITH STONES! FOR
BLACKSMITH TOOLS!



OH HOUR LATER--
KING! I CAUGHT A
BANDON-- WITH MY
HANDS--

FINE, WORK, MICHAEL!
MY FISH HOOK IS MADE
AND I PAVED A LINE
FROM MY SOCK.



I SAW SOMETHING ELSE!
THE GRIEF AND THE OTHERS
--PORTAGING THE GARGO
OF THE BANK! THEY SAW
ME, TOO!

UNNN-- CAN
YOU, DID
THEY? I WAS
AFRAID OF
THAT! I'LL DO
THE FISHING,
NOW!



PARTLY HIDDEN BY ROCKS, KING OFFERS A TEMPTING TARGET TO THE
ANGRY ANAKKAKES ON THE RIVER BANK.

NO! NOT
YET!



HE CATCHES FISH! THEY
HAVE FIRE! MAYBE THEY
GET AWAY?

NO! WE WATCH! MAYBE
THEY DROWN! MAYBE
BLIZZARD COME! AND
FREEZE THEM! THAT MAKES
BULLET HOLES TO TELL
OTHER ACCO CENTS WE
KILL!



YOU'RE A WONDER WORKER,
KING! I'M BEGINNING TO
THINK WE MIGHT EVEN MAKE
A RAFT, TOO!

THAT WILL TAKE
MORE TIME
WE'LL WORK AT IT
IN THE DARK, SO THE
ANAKKAKES WON'T
KNOW!

HIDDEN FROM THE ARRABARNIES, THE CASTAWAYS WORK WITH GREAT PATIENCE.

IT'S SLOW WORK, BORING HOLES AND HEAVING THESE LOGS WE'VE DROPPED WITH STONE AXES, KING!

BUT WE'RE MAKING A STRONG RAFT, TOM BURNS! IN THREE DAYS!



WORK THIN WITH WHETTARD, KING'S BOLT-BUCKLE KNIFE SERVES FOR BORING AND CUTTING.

THAT'S EXACTLY, MICHAEL! RAFT'S ABOUT DONE! PARADISE NEXT!

I'VE WHITTLED FIVE MORE PEGS, KING!



WHILE KING CATCHES MORE FISH, TOM AND MICHAEL SHAPE PADDLES. STONE WEDGES SPLIT A STRAIGHT-GRAINED LOG.

ONE MORE PADDLE WE'LL NEED, DON'T YOU SPLIT THE PLANK TOO THICK?

YES, SAG!



AT DUSK, BEFORE MIDNIGHT, THE THREE PUSH OFF THE PIERCE CURRENT SNATCHED THEIR RAFT FROM THE ISLAND.



IN THE RAPIDS THERE IS NOTHING TO DO BUT HOLD ON!

HOLD TIGHT AND PRAY THAT WE'LL MISS ANY ROCKS!



SUDDENLY THE FURY OF THE WHITE WATER IS PAST!

SAFE! WITH THE RAPIDS BEHIND US!



MOOSEHIDE HELPS, SHOWING ROCKS TO BE AVOIDED.

YOU KNOW THIS RIVER, MOOSEHIDE? WHEN WILL WE REACH A LANDING PLACE?

NOT FOR SOME MILES YET, KING. THERE'S ANOTHER RAPIDS--- BUT IT'S NOT A BAD STRETCH!



AT FIRST DAWN, KING SPOTS A SHOOT.

THERE--- ON THE RIGHT BANK--- BEST LANDING SPOT WE'LL FIND.



BETTER PUSH THE RAFT OFF, KING--- AND WIPE OUT ALL SIGN THAT WE LANDED HERE! THOSE KNAKNAKES WILL BE AFTER US...

NO--- I WANT THEM TO SEE THE RAFT!



ARE YOU CRAZY, KING? WE'RE NOT ARMED, AND---

I'VE A PLAN, BURNED YOU AND MICHAEL HURRY ON TO OUR CAMP--- LAND ON IT BELOW THE FALLS--- PADDLE DOWN RIVER TEN MILES, AND WAIT FOR ME...



I AM GOING TO TRY AN AMBUSH--- HERE, OR FARTHER DOWN THE TRAIL! IT WILL WORK BECAUSE THEY WON'T EXPECT IT! BUT IF I FAIL TO JOIN YOU IN TWO DAYS, GO ON!



KING, IF IT WOEN'T FOR MY BOY'S SAFETY, I'D STAY WITH YOU--- ORDERS OR NOT!

DON'T WORRY! THIS IS A MOUNTIE'S JOB AND A MOUNTIE CAN HANDLE IT! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



HOURS LATER---BEHIND THE TRAIL OF TOM AND
MICHAEL BARRIS ---

I HEAR VOICES---
ARRAHHHH! THEY'VE SPOTTED
THE RAFT! THEY'LL BE COMING!



MOMENTS LATER FOUR GRIM FIGURES COME TROTTING TOWARD
KING'S ARBUSH

THEY LEAVE PLAIN TRAIL IN
SNOW! WE CATCH THEM
SOON!



SURPRISE IS COMPLETE---FOR THE FIRST COMER---



--- BUT TIME IS BRIEF! KING'S FOOT LAGGED OUT LIKE
A BULL'S HORN ---



DROP THEM!---THERE!
THAT'S BETTER!



NOW GO HOME! AFTER I'VE SLEEPS YOU
CAN GET YOUR GUNS---FROM THE RED
COAT AT WOODS RIVER! POST! AND I
WARN YOU A PROMISE: THE RED COATS
WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET,
ARRAHHHH! IF YOU
KEEP THE LAW!
REMEMBER!

UPON! WE
NOT FORGET!



MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

STORY BY
JOHN L. HARRIS

IN OCTOBER OF THE YEAR 1792, ALEXANDER MACKENZIE LEFT FORT CHIPPENAW ON LAKE ATHABASCA ON THE FIRST LEG OF HIS HISTORY-MAKING PUSH TO THE WEST COAST.



MACKENZIE WAS THIRTY-NINE, ALREADY FAMOUS AS THE EXPLORER WHO HAD TRACED THE MACKENZIE RIVER TO ITS MOUTH. HE WAS A VETERAN OF THE FUR TRADE --- A HUMAN ITYMOID OF ENERGY --- A BORN LEADER OF MEN! NOW HE WAS HUNTING A WATER ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.



WHERE THE TOWN OF PLEASANT RIVER NOW STANDS, THE BLAINE INDIANS WELCOMED MACKENZIE'S CANOE WITH JOYFUL WAGGLES AND BARKING RIFLES.



NEAR THE PRESENT TOWN SITE HE LINGERED AND BUILT A LOG HOUSE IN WHICH TO SPEND THE WINTER --- FOR THE FINAL PUSH TO THE COAST COULD NOT BE STARTED UNTIL SPRING.



THAT WINTER HE TRADED WITH THE INDIANS FOR FURS --- AND BARTERED THEIR HUNTS AND TREATED THEIR SICKNESSES.



THE LONG WINTER PAST, MACKENZIE STARTED ON UP THE MIGHTY PEACE RIVER, ON MAY 9TH... HIS TWENTY-SEVEN-FOOT CANOE WAS LOADED WITH THREE THOUSAND POUNDS OF SUPPLIES.



FOR TWO HUNDRED MILES, THE WIDE, SWEETLY FLOWING RIVER OFFERED NO DANGERS... ONLY THE THRILL WHICH EVERY EXPLORER ENJOYS.



ON BOTH SIDES THE RIVER "BREAKS" SWARMED WITH BUFFALO AND ELK. LITTLE GROVES OF POPLAR TREES SPICE THE GRASSY BENCHES. IT WAS A WILD, UNTOUCHED LAND---AND BEAUTIFUL!



AT ONE POINT TWO BRILLY BEARS WATCHED MACKENZIE'S CANOE, WITH AS MUCH FEAR AS IF IT HAD BEEN A SWIMMING BUFFALO!



AT LAST THEY HEARD THE GREAT CANYON, OF WHICH THE INDIANS TOLD FEARFUL THINGS... THE CURRENT GREW TOO SWIFT FOR PADDLES ALONE.



NOW FIERCE RAPIDS CONFRONTED THEM! A BIG WAVE, HITTING THE BOW, SNAPPED THE LINE.



DESPITE DESPERATE PADDLING, THE CANOE SWIFT OUT TOWARD THE WAITING ROCKS.



IN A SPOT OF CALMER WATER, THE PADDLERS BROUGHT THE BOAT WITHIN REACH OF THEIR FRIENDS ON THE BANK.



THEN ANOTHER BIG WAVE LIFTED THE HEAVILY-LOADED CRAFT TO SAFETY.



FROM HERE ON, IT WAS PLAIN THAT THE CANOE MUST BE CARRIED PAST THE BAD-WATER --- ALONG WITH ALL THE BAGGAGE.



THE NEXT DAY, MACKENZIE SENT HIS LIEUTENANT, MACKAY, TO FIND THE BEST ROUTE TO TAKE THE CANOE OVER THE MOUNTAIN THROUGH WHICH THE RIVER CANYON CUT.



ON THE WAY, MACKAY FOUND SEVERAL GREAT PITS FILLED WITH SMOKE AND SHELLING OF SULPHUR. THEY ARE STILL BURNING TODAY --- FIRES SMOULDERING IN OILY SHALE.



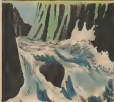
ON MACKAY'S RETURN, WITH A ROUTE MAPPEDCUT, MACKENZIE'S CREW CUT A ROAD UP THE CANYONWIDE TO CARRY THEIR CANOE.



FROM HIGH ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANYON MACKENZIE GAZED DOWN WITH WONDER AT THE FURN OF THE RIVER BELOW HIM.



MACKENZIE RECORDED IN HIS JOURNAL: "IT WAS REALLY AWFUL TO BEHOLD!" TODAY EVENING LOGS, ENTERING THE CANYON'S UPPER END, COME OUT AS SPLINTERS. NO BOAT COULD SURVIVE



ON JULY TWENTY-SECOND, 1858, MACKENZIE REACHED THE PACIFIC. THE FIRST MAN TO CROSS THE CONTINENT NORTH OF MEXICO. BUT HOWEVER, DID HE FIND A MORE AWESOME SIGHT THAN THE MAD-RIVER ROARING THROUGH ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANYON?



Wilderness Buddy

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Nappa-sauk, the Cree Indian trapper, met Jack Armys's jeep at the end of the last dirt road. . . . He grinned at the pile of duffle, food supplies and cameras which heaped the small luggage trailer Jack towed behind.

For six hours they bumped across a chain of natural prairies, smashed through the "bush" between, and wallowed through patches of treacherous muskeg. When finally the snug log cabin came into sight, Jack wondered if he could ever find the way back alone!

"Five hundred dollars—for the rent of your cabin and trapping rights for one year! Is that right, Nap?" he asked.

"Uh-huh!" the Cree agreed. "But I have one thing more I show you!"

From a covered box in a dark corner he lifted a small, furry creature who growled and whined, all in one breath.

"Wolf pup!" he explained. "Maybe you like buy him for a pet? Pretty lonesome in bush without dog or anybody! Uh—his scalp worth twenty-five dollars for wolf bounty!"

Jack looked hard at the woolly, blue-eyed puppy. Then the corners of his mouth quirked up, and he added twenty-five dollars to Nappa-sauk's stack of bills.

In the morning, Nappa-sauk departed, and Jack Armys, naturalist and photographer, was really alone. Alone for the next twelve months at the northern limit of the western Canadian "bush"! Alone, except for the wild animals he intended to photograph—and a half-tamed wolf cub!

Warm milk, made from powdered concentrate, and much petting were the care for Buddy's growth. He shared Jack's bed. On a leash, by day, he shared some of Jack's rambles through the woods. The rest of the time, on a long chain, he guarded the cabin from prowlers, large and small.

Jack Armys, probing the private lives of moose, bear and caribou, fox, lynx and coyote, with his telephoto lens, was not lonely that fall and winter. Besides those shy neighbors, he had someone to come home to—a young, grey wolf called Buddy! They held long conversations by lamplight.

Only Jack knew that it could not last forever. Month by month, Buddy grew in weight and height. By spring he was more than half grown, with a handsome, dark ruff and a thick, gray coat. By fall he would be a big wolf—and on his own! For that time he must be prepared.

One June day, Jack unbuckled Buddy's collar, five miles from home.

"Maybe I'll lose you now," he muttered, watching the powerful youngster bound away into the bush. But before Jack was half way home, Buddy joined him.

After that the young wolf often went on night hunts by himself. But by morning he was usually back at the cabin, dozing in the sunshine, or playing with Jack.

"Have I spoiled him?" Jack wondered. "When I leave here, will he ever truly go back to the wild state?"

The answer came that autumn, at sunset on the second day before Nappa-sauk was due to return.

The wolf pack called from the edge of the cabin clearing—and Buddy answered. Jack saw him go with them—into the darkness of the "bush"—and knew that the wilderness had taken back its own.

KING

of the Royal Mounted

IN THE CABIN SPOILERS

ASSIGNED TO BRING IN A BAND OF WHITE OUTLAWS WHO HAVE BEEN TERRORIZING THE INDIANS, SERGEANT KING HAS PENETRATED FAR INTO THE NORTHERN "BUSHS" WITH A CANOE COMPANION, MOOS-TOOSH

HERE WE BE LUCKY, KING--- BUT THESE "WHITE" SARGAJIDS--- THESE MEN WHO ROB AND KILL IN THE "BUSH"--- HOW ARE THEY TOO TOUGH FOR US?



NO CRIMINAL IS TOO TOUGH FOR THE ROYAL MOUNTED, MOOS-TOOSH! IF I FAIL, OTHERS WILL BRING THAT BAND IN!



NOW I WILL SLEEP A LITTLE, MOOS-TOOSH LATER IT WILL BE YOUR TURN AGAIN. GOING DOWNSTREAM WE DO NOT NEED TWO PADDLES! BUT KEEP WATCH!

YEH!



LATER --

ISN'T A WHITE MAN IS WAYING TO US FROM LAND? HE WANTS US TO COME IN!



AS MOOS-TOOSH HESITATES, THE MAN WHIPS OUT A PISTOL.

WE'LL COME ON AND LAND, IN JUST LAND, SARGAJD--- OR I'LL PUT A HOLE IN YOUR GARDER!



CONCEALED BY THE RISE OF THE CANOE'S BOW,
KING BEGINS MOOS-TOOS TO DREY.



SURPRISE! SPOILS THE GUNMAN'S AIM.



—AND KING'S ANSWERING SHOT CRASHES HIM!



MY SQUAD MAKE THAT SHIRT
FOR MY FRIEND, BILL MARTIN! HE
LIVE NEAR THIS PLACE! THAT
MAN MESS KILL BILL!

HEHE! TURN
AROUND, FELLOW—
AND LEAD US TO
MARTIN'S CABIN
—BOW!



BILL MARTIN GOOD MAN—
GOOD! RAPPERY FRIEND OF
ALL THE CREED! THIS WHITE
SUPRA-ADD ONE OF SANS, I
THINK!

WE'LL FIND
OUT, MOOS-
TOOS!



WITH IN THREE MINES A CABIN SHOWS THROUGH THE BUSH---AND A LOUD LAUGH RINGS OUT



SAY HIM MOOS-TOOS! HE TRIED TO TRICK A WARRIOR!

JOHN!

HOLD HIM HERE, MOOS-TOOS! I'LL HAVE A LOOK IN THE CABIN!

WHITE GARCH JOSE THERE? BETTER WATCH OUT!



--- WHO HIS RED O CLOUT IN HIS BUNK ---THE BOMBHEAD! ARE WE GOING TO WAIT FOR HIM?

BLAST FORN! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT!



HANDS UP--- ALL OF YOU! MOOS-TOOS! COME HERE!

A MOUNTAIN! WHERE DID WE...?



STEPPING OUT OF THE BUSH, AND THEN OF THE GING SWING HARD

COMING, KING --- JOHN!













AT DAWN'S FIRST DIM, GRAY LIGHT----

YOUR GUESS WAS RIGHT, SERGEANT---
THEY CLEARED OUT APOPP?



IT WOULDN'T TAKE BUT
A COUPLE OF HOURS TO
PATCH IT, KING....

ALL RIGHT! YOU AND
MOOS-YOOS CAN BE DOING
THAT---WHILE I TRY TO
OVERTAKE THE GANG---
WITH OUR RIFLE!



AWWWW! YOU'LL BE
POPPING THE FUR, SERGEANT!

YOU'VE HAD
MOOS BEFORE,
WELL? SO LONG!



LATER IN THE DAY, A BIG GRIZZLY BEAR IS WORKING A PILE OF FISH
HEADS, HEAR AN OLD INDIAN FISH-DRYING RACK---SOME MILES
DOWN THE RIVER....



ANOTHER PILE OF FISH-DRYING TEMPTS HIM THROUGH THE
WOODS OF AN INDIAN'S BEAR TRAP---A SPRING SNARE!



SUDDENLY THE TRIGGER WORKS! THE BENT TREE WHIPS
UP, TIGHTENING THE SNARE!







LATER, LOOSE RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW ON THE HEAD, ONLY TO BE CHASED BY THE RAGING BEAR.



HEARING THE BULLET STRIKE, THE OUTLAW HALF-TURNS



--- AND WHIPS OUT A PISTOL AT THE REPORT, KING STUMBLES!



BUT THE OUTLAW FAILS TO LOOK BEHIND HIM IN TIME!



BANG!

AIE AAAAAH!



SECONDS LATER KING'S RIFLE BLAZES...





Caught!... In the crackling crossfire of a bitter feud touched off by a greed for gold.

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"BOUNTY GUNS"**

Only 10¢ at your favorite Dell Comics Dealer

FAMOUS PLACES OF THE NORTHWEST

Winnipeg, now a large and bustling capital city, was just one pioneer cabin, less than a hundred years ago.¹ A short distance south of this log cabin rose the grim walls of Fort Garry, strong point and trading post, soon to be captured by the part-Indian Metis.

Winnipeg's location—the Red River Valley where it joins the Assiniboine—has seen much bloodshed, since the first white explorer discovered it. That explorer was the French nobleman, La Verendrye, who built a fort there in the 1740's and named it *Rouge* ("The Red").

Fort Rouge was just a memory when the Scottish-and-French Nor'western built Fort Gibraltar there, around 1800.

About 1815, another Scottish trading company, the Hudson's Bay, built a rival fort. Peace was followed. The hundreds of Scottish Highlanders, who had poured in to build houses and farms in the Red River Valley, were attacked by Indians and Nor'westerns and driven out. Some survived, but their sufferings in a savage land were terrible.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



Finally peace was made. The rival trading companies united in the year 1821. The first Fort Garry was built, with stone walls, towers and loopholes.

In 1869 the Second Fort Garry was taken by the Metis (mixed-bloods) under Louis Riel. They objected to their territory being handed over to the Dominion of Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company. Riel, made president by the Metis, defended the Fort against two attacks by his English-speaking neighbors. Later the Fort was captured by the Dominion Government.

The tiny village of Winnipeg had grown slowly until this time. But now settlers poured into the Valley in a growing stream. There were still hardships—but they faced them and bore them, and built and planted.

"Winnipeg" is a Cree Indian name, meaning "fleshy water." It applied first to Lake Winnipeg, whose water is not so clear as that of the eastern lakes.

But the Winnipeg of today shows nothing of its cloudy and uncertain beginnings. It is a great city and a proud town.

A PLEASANT DEL TO PARENTS

The Dell Treatment is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the most important thing a parent can give their child is a healthy and intelligent entertainment. The Dell treats them accordingly, rather than regularly, abjectly, or material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Treat, you can be sure it's not only good for them, but it's also a great way to spend your money.

Dopey Dan and Safety Sam

brought to you by
JUICY FRUIT GUM



Dopey hitched behind a car
He was thrown wide and far
Had to stay in bed, poor lad
Hurt all over—Isn't that sad?



Safety Sam is smart, you bet
Never had an accident yet
He won't hitch 'cause he's no dope
You're like Safety Sam—we hope!



Dopey rode his bike one night
Wore dark clothes without a light
Car came speeding down the street
Knocked poor Dopey fifty feet



Safety Sam knows how to ride
Does things right from his pride
When it gets dark he wears things white
In front and rear a light shines bright

Don't be a Dopey Dan!

Don't hitch behind cars or trucks.
Don't zig zag from side to side.
Don't carry "passengers" on your bike.
Don't ride "without hands."
Don't ride so fast you may lose your balance
or be unable to stop quickly.
Don't ride with bad brakes or tires.



Be Smart—like Safety Sam!

Do look carefully when approaching
an intersection.
Do signal before turning but keep both hands
on handlebars when you turn.
Do ride on right side of roadway.
Do know the traffic laws and obey them.
Do wear white when it gets dark, and use
bright headlight and red, rear reflector.



AND HERE'S AN IDEA!

Tell your Mom that chewing **JUICY FRUIT GUM** helps keep your teeth clean
and that it won't spoil your appetite.
Ask her to bring home a good supply.

